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And the streets were filled with nobody



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Chapter 1 by The Lost Disciple of Kanembu

Fears is like a disease, it spreads.

Chapter 2 by nwadialor stephen obie



And the ultimate question fight or flight ? Reared its ugly head in the back of Himura's mind as he stared into the eyes of ravenous beast. The sweat dripped from his brow, his grip on his weapon started to loosen, his feet stuck to the earth like a mountain. There was no time to call for backup. Himura's was alone. He was all alone

Chapter 3 by nwadialor stephen obie



There is a saying from the ancient scrolls buried deep in the crypts of Okinawa. Only in the face of adversity can you truly release your demons, it read. Little Himura never knew of these scrolls, neither did he know of the bright red hunger buried deep in his soul. Fight or flight, the question was asked. Himura clenched his falling blade renewed energy, his eyes blazing a bright blue. He didnt have to make the decision. It was buried deep within him like the scroll of the legendary Okinawa warriors. he braced himself as the duel began.

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The boy was panting whilst he ran, trying to think of a way to outrun a beast with only one thing in its mind. The beast screeched to a halt, turned sharply and gave chase to the boy.

The fear in Himura wilted, and inside him a seed started to grow, a feeling that can only be described by the descendants of his ancient bloodline. The midnight moon glowed brighter fixing its descending rays of the little boy. Himura threw his sword so fast, it bore a hole inside the rock that threatened to block his path. The beast was closing in, one single thing on its mind- the taste of human flesh. It opened all four jaws as it got to the boy and snapped it shut with a viciousness that would have rendered the boy dead in his path.

But Himura was no longer there. He ran up the wall using his sword as a hold, and then he swung himself back down towards the heads of the beast, beheading all four in one swift motion.

The boy landed on his feet, his blue eyes burned bright red, a different look in his eyes. The legend of Himura had just been born...

Chapter 5 by nwadialor stephen obie



Takeshi and the rest of the squad heard the last cries of the dead beast from the other side of the street. They race towards the sound, all seven of them with drawn swords and their heart in their mouth.

They got there just in time to see Himura in his newly transformed state. He looked different from the boy they knew, the boy they ridiculed, and most of them couldn't understand the transformation that had taken place. Most of them except Takeshi. Takeshi knew about the ancient crypts, he knew about the ancient bloodline and he knew about the powers it held. Takeshi had also uncovered from his studies the role the legend was supposed to play. And even as he tried to hold himself back, he felt only blinding hatred for Himura. He stared at the dazed boy still trying to make sense of what had just happened to him. It had felt like a dream. He had felt very powerful for a second and time had almost stood still. He still felt the rage and the power inside him though it was slowly ebbing.

Himura looked up and saw his brother and the other staring at him with different expressions. He tried to move.

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'Send a message to the chief' he told the others
'the beast is dead'...

Chapter 6 by Edmund Fogg



Himura awoke to the sound of music and celebration. He felt the softness of the bed under his body, cradling him. At one time in his life, when the others would shout names at him, this was his sanctuary. No longer, he had defeated the beast. It was time to share in the spoils. He slowly plodded downstairs taking the scene in. The wooden stairs creaked beneath his feet making him feel like a god as he descended. Looking about the room he noticed all forms of debauchery, men drinking to excess flailing at the women making fools of themselves.

Making his way to Takeshi, his friends eyes brightened as he approached. "Come my friend, you must be hungry eat!" Takeshi laughed. Himura had never experienced a hero's welcome before. He could get used to this, he thought.

It didn't feel right though. Something was making him anxious and on edge. At first he thought it was just the remnants of low self esteem from days before the change, but something was wrong here. This place, these people it was as though everything was at an angle....just off center.

Write a draft for chapter 7 of 8 (1 draft)

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